

THE ENGINEER ON HER SCULPTURES, TERRA COTTA TORSOS

I like them,  
bellies and just  
the tops of  
thighs who needs  
a head or feet  
to run away  
just give me  
what's central

MADONNA OF THE BEFORE TV  
COMES ON

wakes up a bad  
dream's finger  
on her thighs like  
the man in Mount  
Haven who touches,  
slides in thru an  
open door into  
sheets and under  
fondles and fingers  
runs out dissolves  
in fog as an eye  
twitches starts  
to open like the  
fish slit opening  
tip of a cock

HYDROPONIC MADONNA

sucks all the  
nutrients out  
of your water  
invisibly she  
roots easy can  
move without  
tearing pieces  
of herself off  
and leaving  
them behind

STEEPLETOP MILLAY COLONY

with her head aching  
and spots like some  
language nobody  
left could read

the wild phlox almost  
too heavy, the color  
of the deepest flesh,  
the heart's rose on

fire wanting to  
run out and lie down  
in wet grass under  
the apples or rise

like mist over the  
pond. If you slid  
under the needles  
floating on the  
black emerald lake

floated for  
hours all you could  
see would be  
primary colors sounds

would be of pines  
and larches, bobolinks  
sparrows that never

have to choose to  
be nun or whore

SICK OF THE STAGE DOOR  
MADONNA

has had it  
with people  
being properties

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY